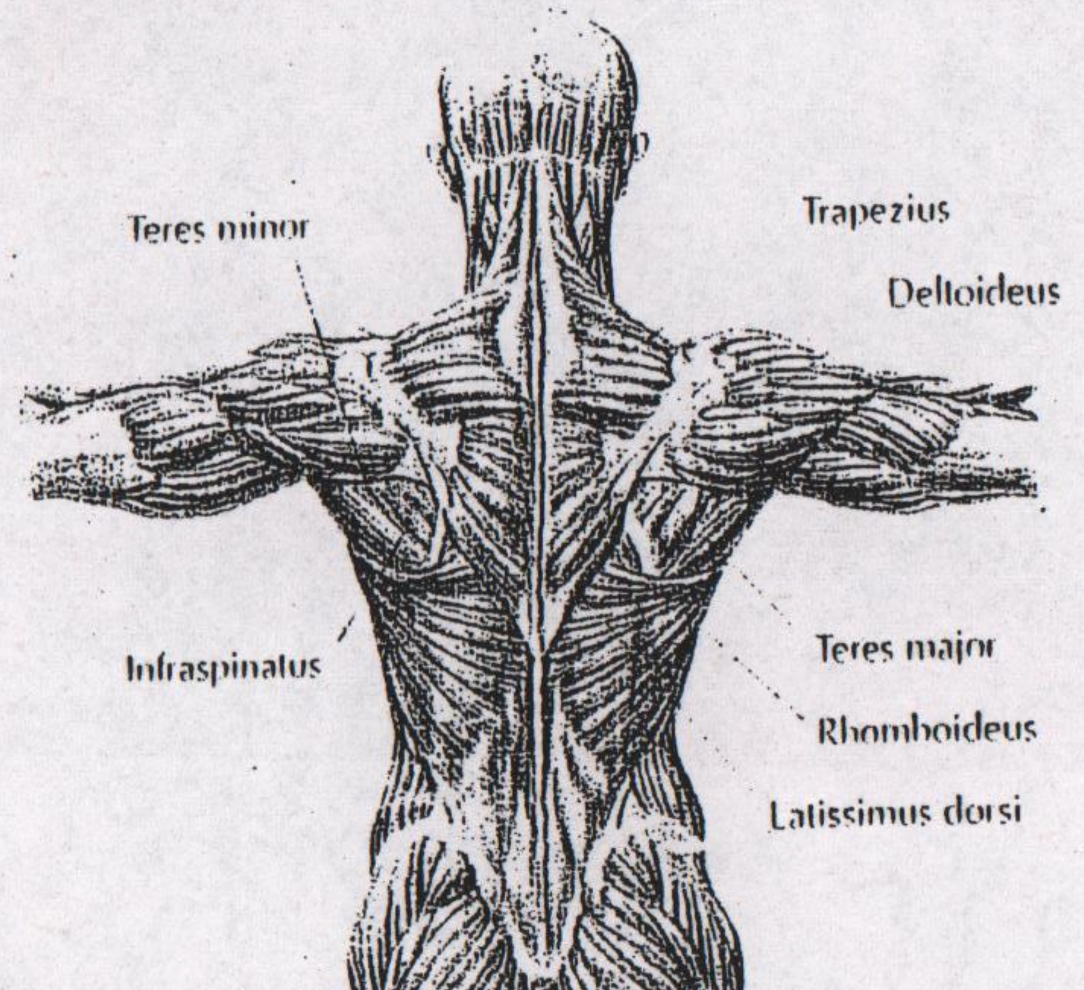
THANK YOU!

Send contributions, thoughts, letters and anything else our zine provokes, from you to:-

chervena_zvezda@hotmail.com



reason Jesus warns us about hell is because he loves us ... The
and does not want us to go there.

arevnou hmotou. Obrací svou po-
m nedávné minulosti, kteří právě
m objevovali svět – k van Gogho-

momentem posunu tvorby v tomto období ale byla
změna barevné struktury těchto děl: základní barvu
pro většinu obrazů představovala intenzivní čerň,



ovi, ale hlavně k Munchovi a Beckman-
nu srdci nejbližším malířům skupiny Die
chmidt Rottlufovi a zejména Emilu Nol-
rý snad nejvíce ovlivnil jeho uměleckou

jejíž nosné postavení je podtrženo rafinovan
užívanou bělobou, která zvýrazňuje dramati
obrazu. Tato základní barevnost je doplněna
centy červené, žluté, jindy zas zelené a vý

www.Ireallyneedtogetlaid.
com

utopia with no poor people:

The Post-It Generation make absolutely no apologies for our blatant abuse of copyright laws. In fact, we take great pride all the pictures, text, and ideas we've 'stolen' from others for use in this magazine.

Is that immoral?

Well, in a society were morality is more often than not another means of protecting the sacred right to private property, yes its immoral. If, however, we accept a new morality, built up from base principles like personal freedom, the right to creative expression, and universal equal access to all the resources at hand, then in fact the right to private property, to copyright and exclude others from access, becomes immoral.

This is living

the Taliba

'ninja' miners

Imagine if jokes were copyrighted? Simply asking why the chicken crossed the road would get you in court if you couldn't present the necessary documentation.

*YOU'RE A FOGGOG

I say bollocks to copyright laws. We will use, abuse, convert, subvert, glorify, and brutalise the works of others, sometimes for political purposes, sometimes just on a masochistic whim, and we will get great satisfaction from doing so.

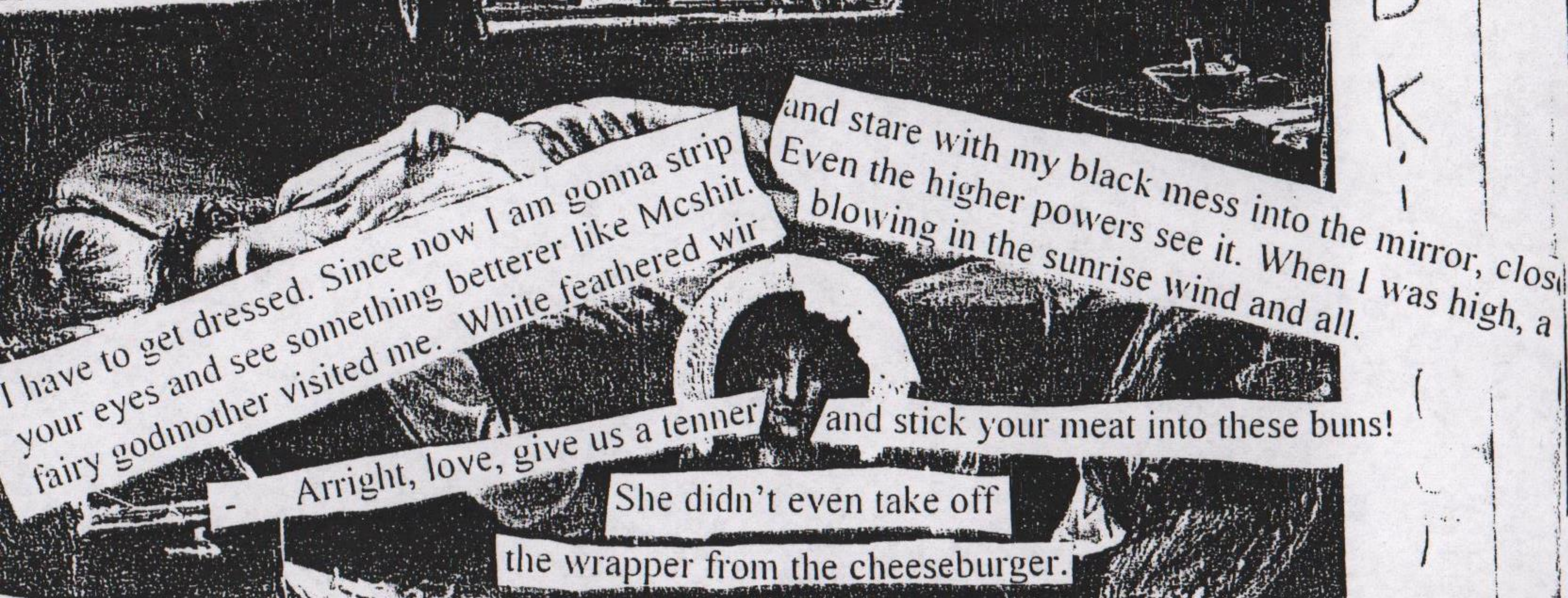
...ly by reclaiming, recreating, and redefining the symbols that define us can we create a new one, from the bottom up.

We're living in a post-post world

Please send legal threats to...

Offensive? Unsuitable?

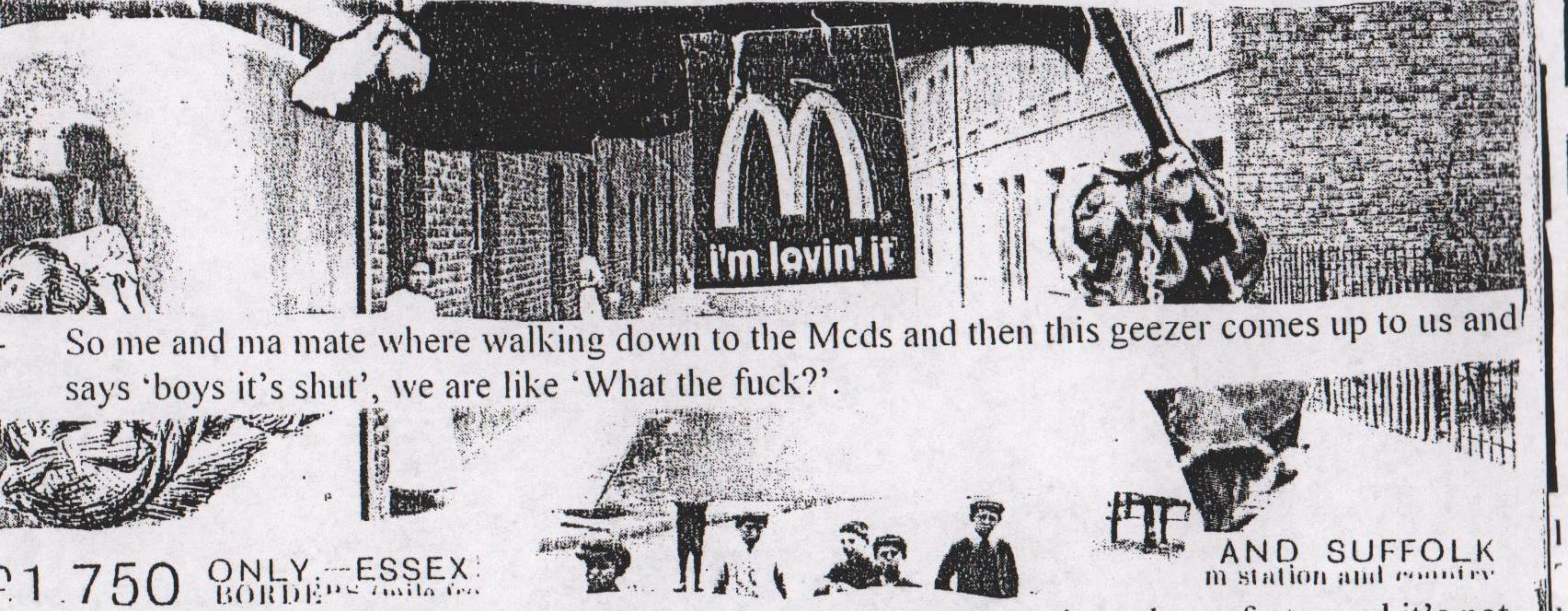
e on the 9th floor of Marble arch, imaging the world outside. Ok, I live on top of Tesco and spend of my time imaging what's inside it. Have real appreciation for Warhol and his mass-produced ures of tomato soup cans. I stare at them daily but they don't come into my fridge, instead I cum my pants. 'The Who' has sold out also, also to cans, to Heinz baked beans in tomato soup. The ed soup sold out to Warhol and 'The Who' sold out to the can. What a paradox, I think I want a of coke.



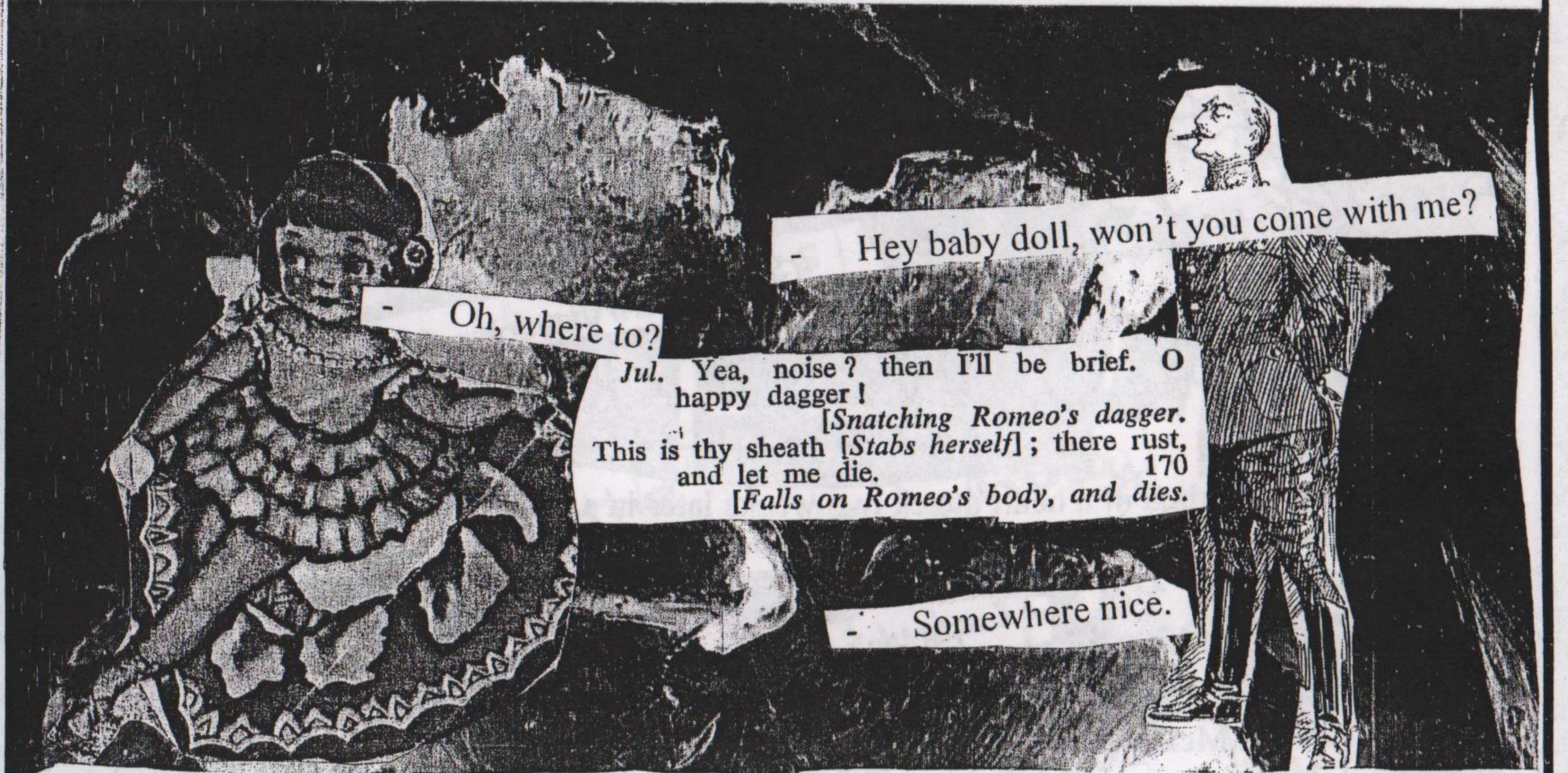
e is smoking a fag, her veins popping, bosom reaching her belly button. With the other hand she olding a bottle of cheap vodka.



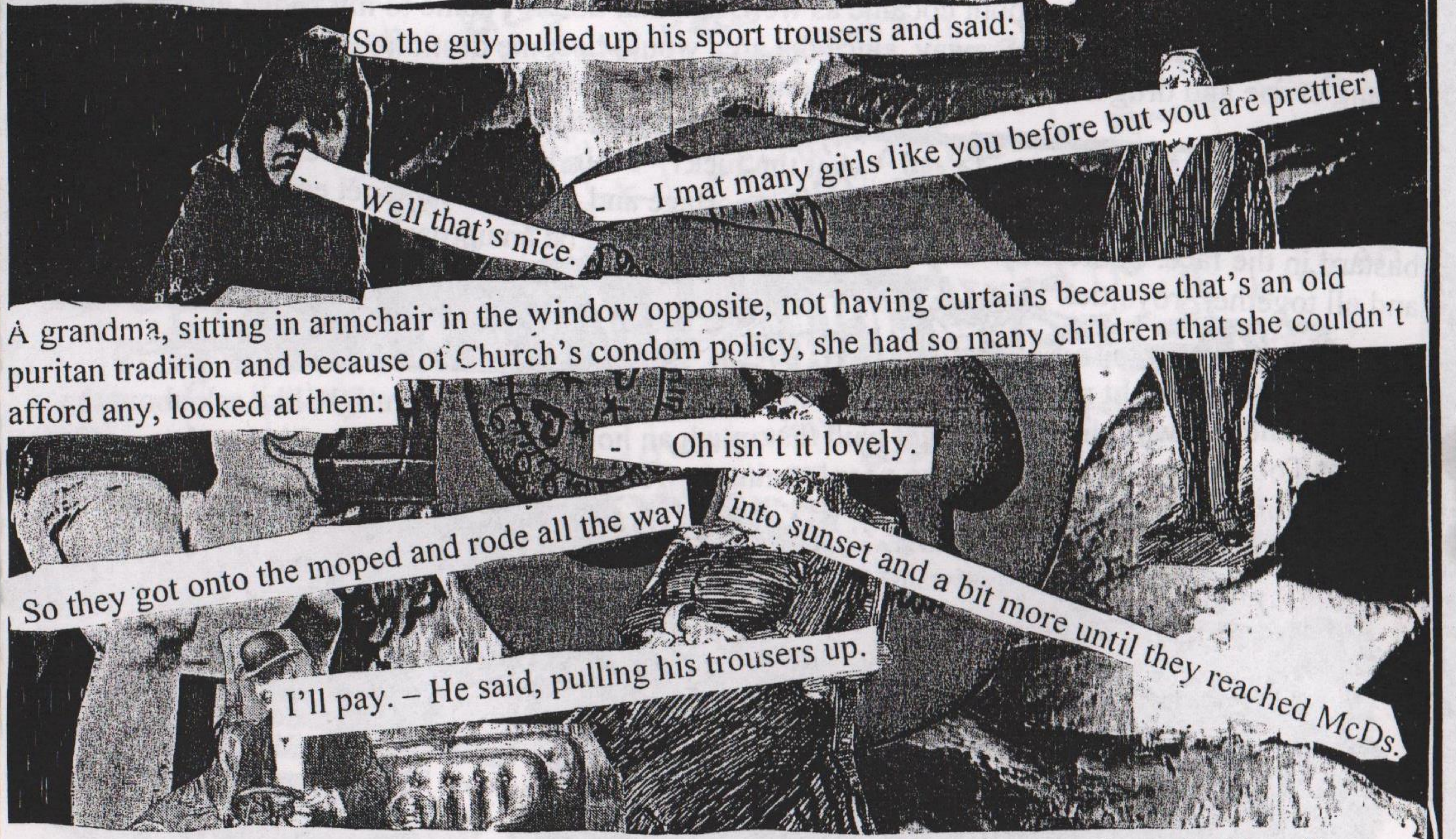
ver after that, I stopped sniffing paint thinner for the reason that it has finished. I searched in my throom for something else. Found a bar of soap. So I washed, now I am clean and respectable ember of society. Who wants a can of coke. Real bad. I look at my reflection, Tesco is looking bac me. It's time to step outside. There the big news hits me.



he guy is waving his hands and shakes his acne face. I walk past, my heart beats faster and it's not ecause I am in love. He was. Or at least he was practicing. He was standing outside the Tesco, and it eemed just an ordinary day, when some girl came by. Sweet little sixteen, turned out to be bitter fteen, because she asked him to buy her a fag. Well he wasn't a fag, so it blossomed. He said, ragging on that cigarette butt:



It's not that here under Tesco it wasn't nice. The birds were chirping and all kind of shit like that was going down. There was even a bulldog sitting by a tree, K-I-s-s-I-n-g. He was a he with big furry balls and shitting as dogs do.



He paid, he sprayed. It was all lies that smoking damages your sperm, because it worked just fine. There in reddening sky, in the car park her antibodies making a racket in her vagina. The man sitting in his car eating a burger, because that's what he was fucking there for, barked:



My Cat

- Can you turn that down, I am trying to eat!

God bless him, he died of a heart attack two weeks later in a different car park, spying on different people. But coming back to the fucking or whatever came after. Well after he came, he pulled his trousers and said:

- I'll look after you.

That was through McDonalds as well. If you read their employee booklets you'll find it says somet' about 'making dreams come true'. It getting shut, how about that?

I come back up, with my can. I take couple of swigs. The new slogan for coca-cola is 'live on the co side of life.' Yes, I know, about cocaine as well. But that doesn't come to my fridge either or anywhe else. Soon the dealers will go away, since the area would become destitute with the closure of McShi Gang crime and drug abuse will sat in, driving away profitable businesses. Well, that's actually not bad.

An MP would come and I could say, 'what the fuck?' Yeah, I'll bring the screaming shit baby and shove it couple of times into MP's face, BBC reportage and all. Then he'd get enraged and strike the bastard in the face. Somebody will sue him and there would be an uproar and pe manent brain damage and all together 'royalties'.

The MP though might not be like that, like the anal bastard that he is. He might like ask about the contract and ask why the fuck we get paid that much an hour. There might be a big legal case, like against Tobacco corporations, obese people suing in frenzy as well; this might do the whole MeShit away. It just might.

I just might tell the good news to myself:

Do you want to hear the good news?

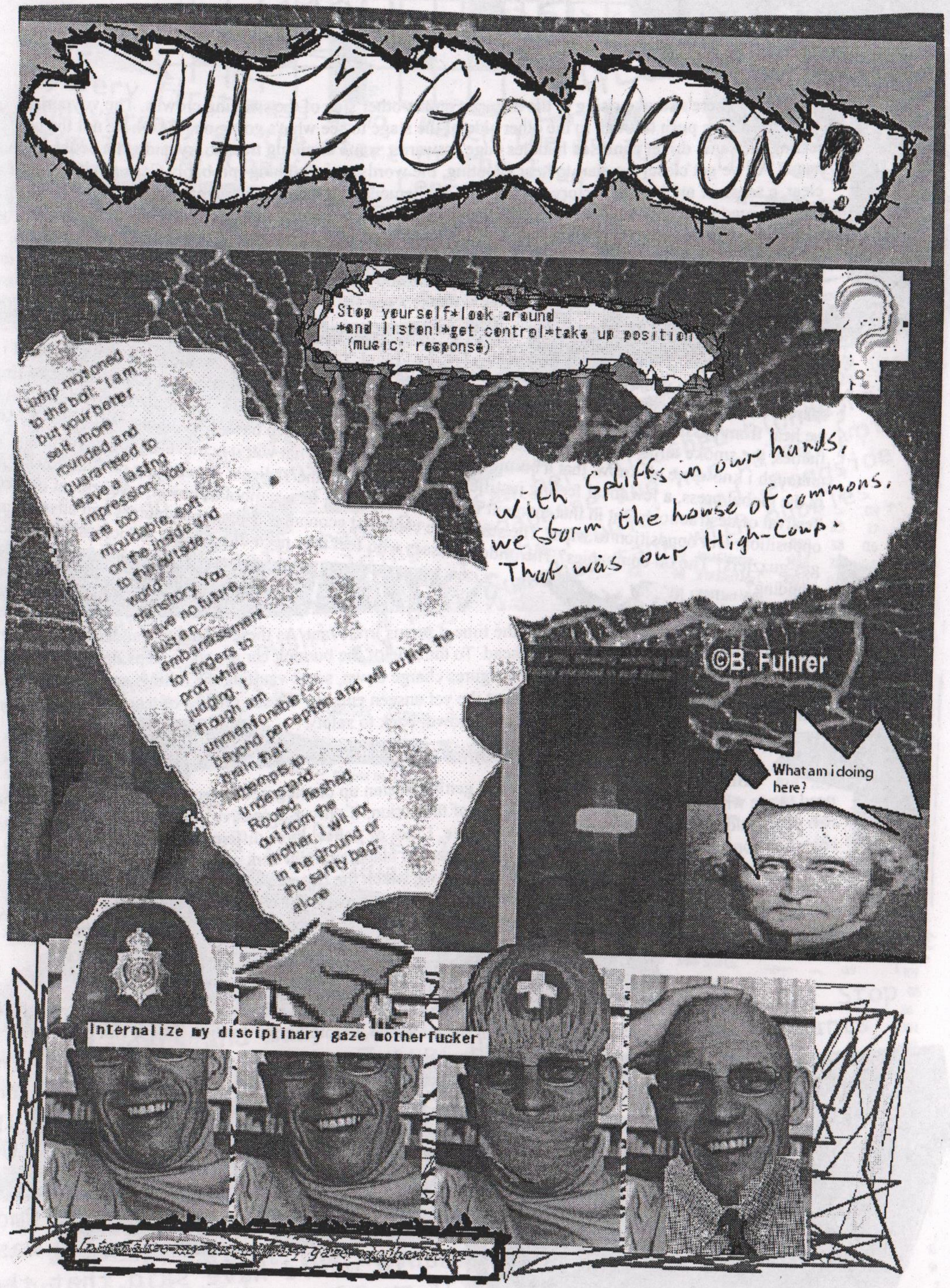
- What?!

- Jesus loves you, that's what!

- Then ask him for a lesser shift.

Well, would you believe it, my break is up. Just imagine that Lennon was bullshiting and so was I. S pull my trousers up and walk to my till, I am in McShit.

- Hi there, how can I help you sir? Would you like it large? *Larger than life.*



RIOT PORN

There's smoke rising in the distance on the other side of the swaying crowds. The voyeuristic instinct kicks in and we push through to the other side of the stage to see what's going on. We where not the only ones feeling the same drive, confused huddles edge forwards, some climbing trees to try and get a better look over the heads. As we get closer we start to hear shouting, the words mean nothing (probably German) but the sentiment is clear, a sense of unplacable victory, mixed with excitement, and the flip side, fear, We pass through the bushes onto the road where the scuffles where taking place earlier and see the smoke vast plumes of smoke rising from behind a group of masked bodies. Mostly wearing black, so as to become indistinguishable in the crowd, some waving sticks or threateningly holding lumps of paving stones, pried up from the side of the road. Even in those with faces covered, the edgy excitement shows in the body language. Eyes watching all sides at once, unsure whether to bask in the the shared experience or make a run for it before the police arrive.

We keep walking closer, feeling the tickle of stale tear-gas in the eyes and back of the throat, I rap a
spare T-shirt over my face to keep the worst at bay and we cautiously press forwards. From snatches of English
we hear from passing groups, we make sense of the emerging image before us. Its an SUV, completely up in
flames, the smoke turns black as the tires catch fire, and the crowds step back to avoid the acrid smoke. And
although i know, we all know, that a burning car means nothing. What will it achieve? A few demonising stories
in the global press, a few local feeling justified in their stance to the 'radicals' descending on their town for a
'festival of destruction'. But in that moment it means everything, its a symbol of power, a statement of direct
opposition. But opposition to what? The state? The capitalist economy? The manufacturers and advertisers of
gas-guzzlers? The oil companies? The middle classes who feel they need this symbol to increase their social
standing?

All and none of the above, at the time it seems irrelevant. As these thoughts wander through my head i hear screaming and shouting from up ahead. To the side of the burning car are some steps up to the street above, and out of nowhere a stampede of masked figures charge down, some vaulting the railing, some leaping down the steps, some turn to hurl obscenity or rocks at the yet unseen enemy. We see plumes of tear gas and hear some shouts of pain, turn and run, back towards the crowd, back to safety.

But the buzz is still there, although getting beaten up or teargased is far from the top of my agenda i need to see what's happening, need to be a part of the action, if only as a passive observer. We climb on top of a row of portaloos, and watch the events from above. Lines of police, three different 'species' as I'd somehow started to conceive of them, some in dark blue, others in black, more in dark green, progress, slowly at first, arms locked, towards the crowds. For maybe 20 minutes we watch the two sides attack and retreat, push and shove, water cannons spraying pepperspray tainted water over the crowds. The soundtrack, behind the shouting and the odd screams, provided from the stage is brooding, female fronted electronica. Folk melodies carried by dark beats, seemingly unaware of the chaos ensuing just a few hundred meters away.

This short account isn't about justification, or denunciation, heroics, or cowardice. This is riot porn.

I felt empowered that day, i felt we could win.

FALLING IN ♡

My very first mass demo. March the 8th 2005. the second anniversary of the start of the Iraq War.
Stop The War Coalition. Central London. Starts 1pm.

Coach journey, 2 hours, from Swindon Town to London town.

Heard songs and shouts I'd never heard before. Read leaflets with new ideas and the means to get involved. Bought a whistle and joined in.

It was then that life changed. I saw her. Bleached blonde hair and too much make up. Holding a megaphone and her dulcet voice filling the street with 'Power to the People'. And alongside her her friends were pushing a papier-mached tank with bubbles blowing out of it.

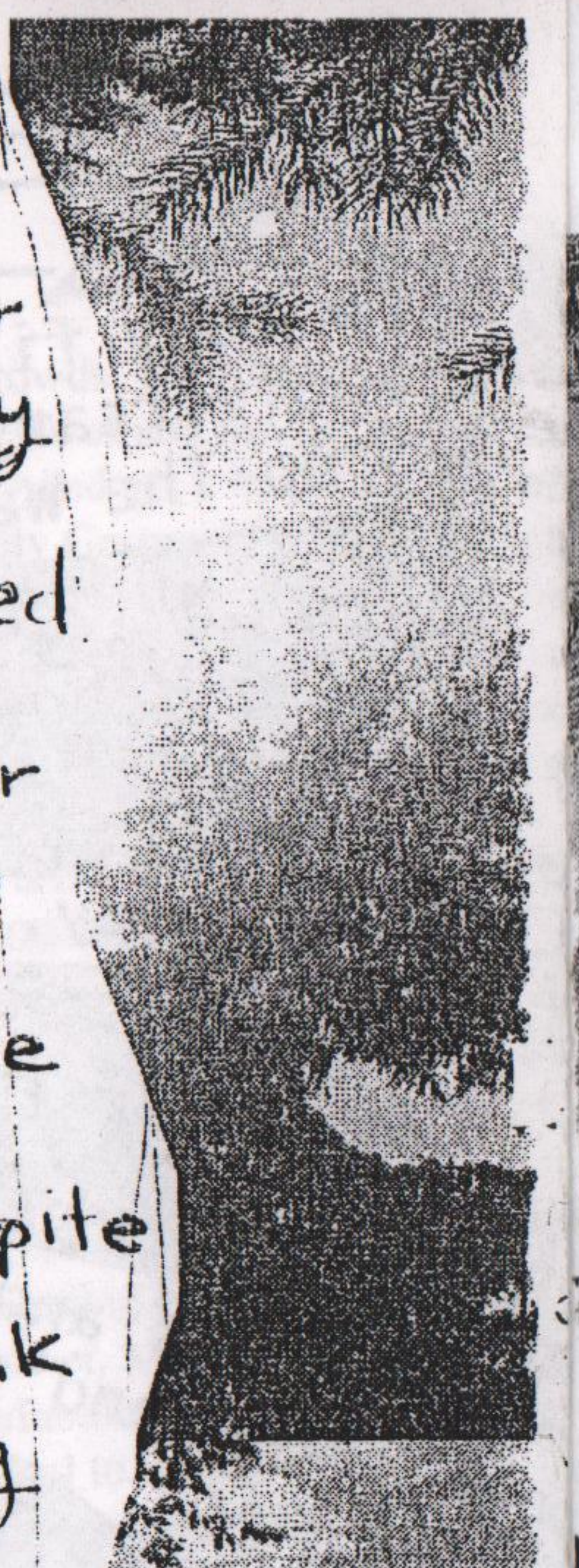
That image, her passion, her lungs, got me thinking more about why were there as individuals and why we were there as a collective.

Two and half years and many actions on. 8th of October 2007. Stop the War Coalition. Bring the Troops Home. Trafalgar Sq. Starts 1pm.
On the student block with friends and fellow activists.

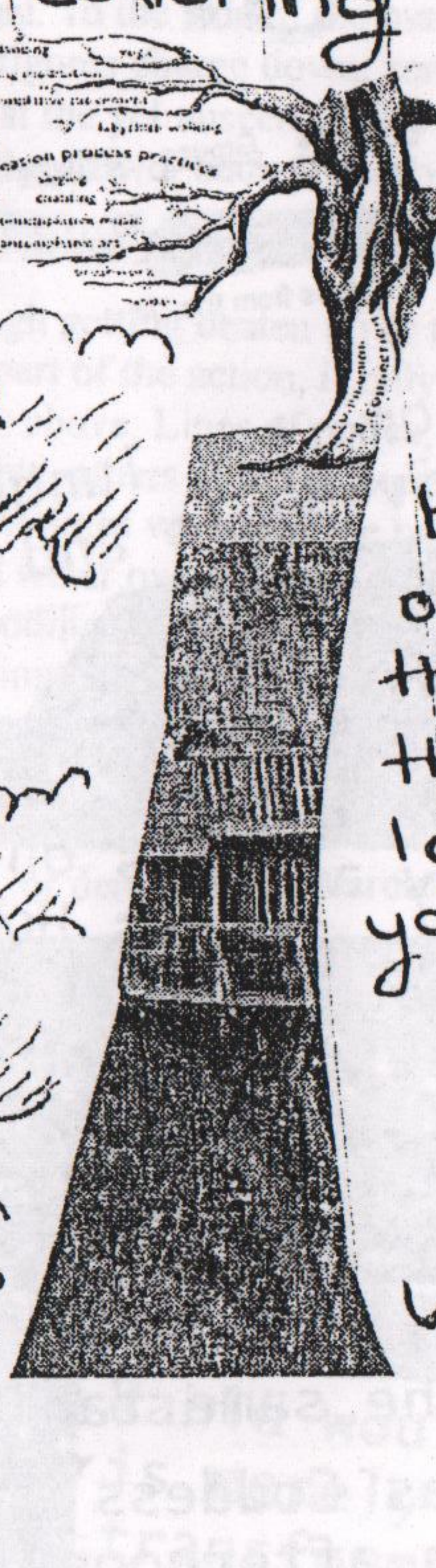
Smokes, drinks and debates in the pub after the demo. There she was. That goddess, sat at the same table as me.

Kahlo would have said that the reason I imagined her as Goddess is merely fear. Maybe so. But seeing her on that March afternoon transformed by perception of things irrevocably.

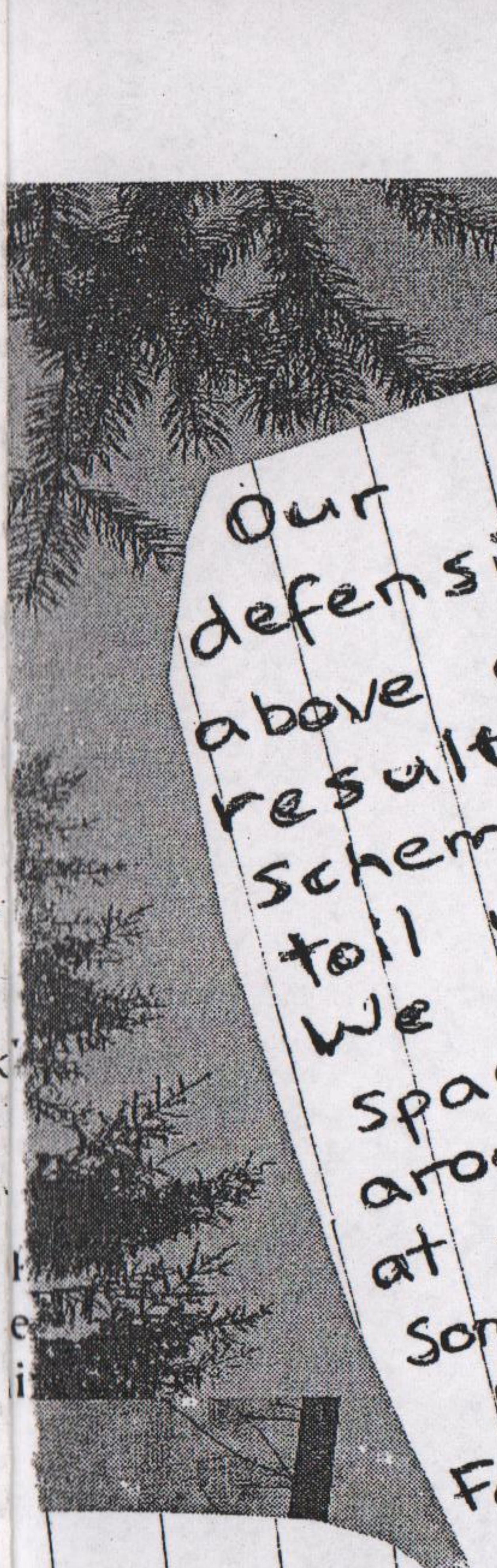
head and fuzzy eyes from the night before. I worm up the bed and hang my head out of the hole in the floor of my treehouse. As my blood rushes the ground below slowly revolves into focus, I am, at first, dazzled by the array of caramelised leaves that have fallen; a distinct change from yesterdays parched summer earth. It hasn't really rained in two months ~~and~~ now you can hear the trees sighing in between the tamborine splashing of the raindrops. The change in weather is exciting, despite a leaky roof. I slither down the oak trunk, sliding my sluggish morning feet over the rough, moist bark. I slap about, inspecting the new wash of autumn colours covering our environment.



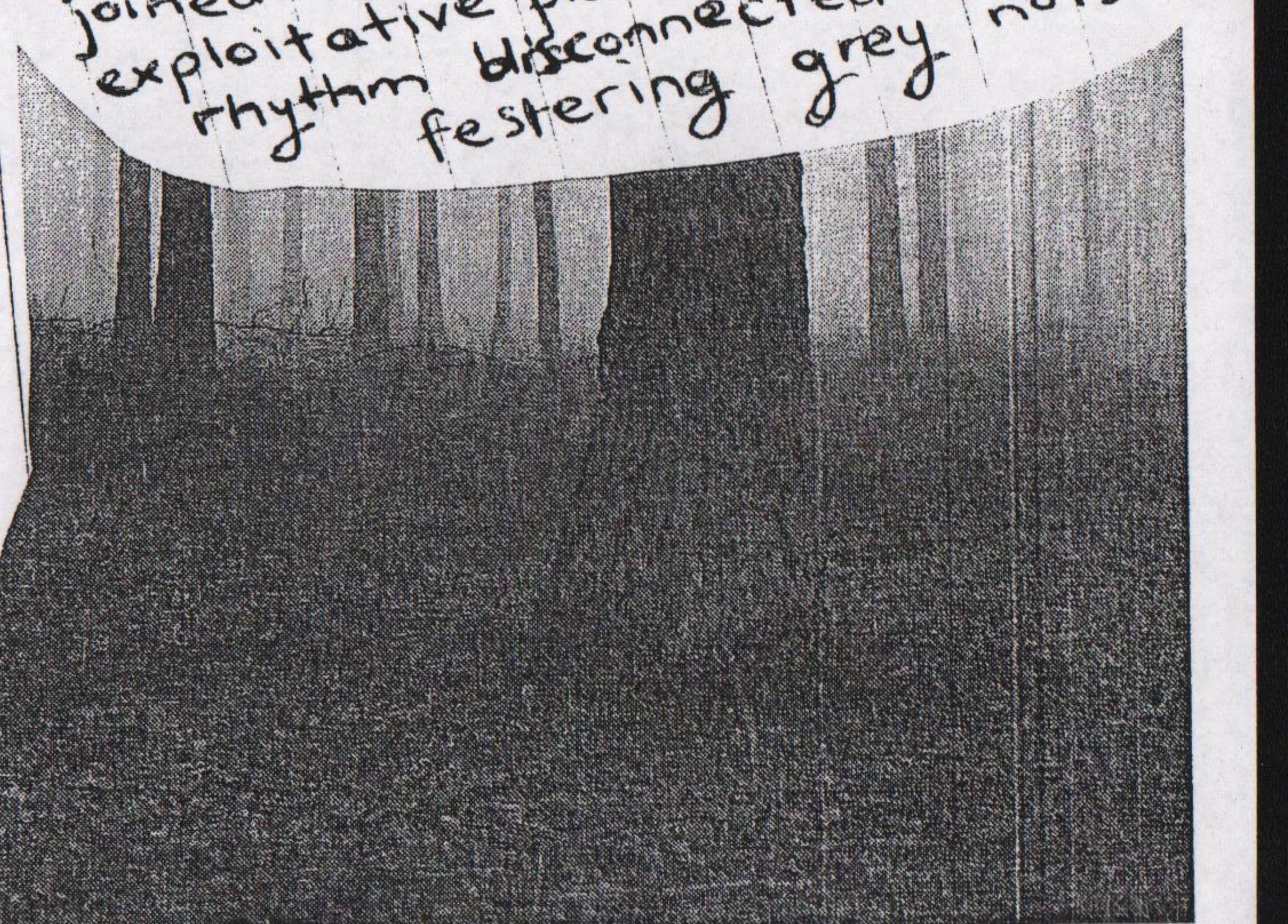




What are
living in th
woods we a
to preserve? we doing
no ordered di se doomed
no structure, so desperate
to but the turn No procedures,
busy squirrels ar ision of labour,
of rain on the one to answer
the thin eel of th ng leaves, the
the branches, th the soft patter
lover on a still ud. Breathe,
your eyes at su moon through
We are trying t smell of your
We are trying night and fog in
We are trying rise; Breathe.
We are trying t heal.
We are trying t. Soo suffer.
there is ~~A~~not find balance.
Show them that



Our collection of domestic and defensive structures are nestled on, above and below the ground. The proud results of hundreds of hours of grand schemes by the firepit and treacherous toil under clear and cloudy skies. We continue to create these spaces from the treasured 'waste' around us to protest and prevent at the very real destruction of. Something infinitely precious. One day they will come for us. Forget dusky reds and umbers, the cycles of the seasons. That day it will be all fluros - orange! and yellow! - and black. Scuttling and seething like lice, with special hats - rank and file. Our home (and their are thousands of us, creatures of all kinds) will be reduced to grit and joined into the network of broken, exploitative places. Its wild rhythm disconnected with festering grey noise.



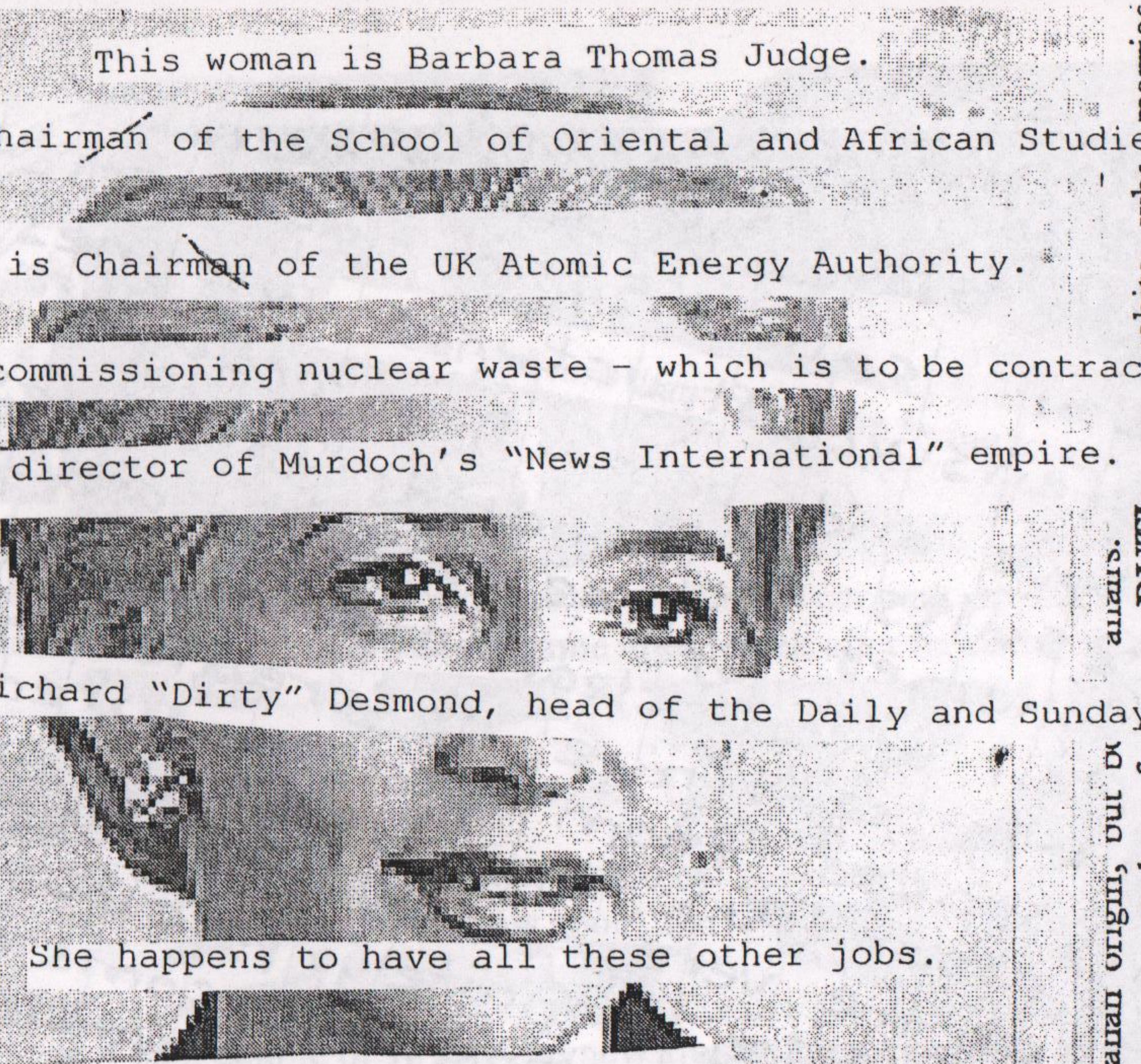
This woman is Barbara Thomas Judge.

She is the Chairman of the School of Oriental and African Studies.

She is Chairman of the UK Atomic Energy Authority.

Responsible for decommissioning nuclear waste - which is to be contracted ou

Ex-executive director of Murdoch's "News International" empire.



Former advisor to Richard "Dirty" Desmond, head of the Daily and Sunday Expre newspapers.

She happens to have all these other jobs.

* Non-Executive Member of the Department of Constitutional Affairs.
* Independent Member of the Department of Trade & Industry Performance Monitor Committee.
* Member of the Advisory Board at Hill & Associates. [redacted]
* Advisory Board of Millennium Associates.
* Adviser to Cross Border Enterprises.
* Trustee of the Wallace Collection.
* Member of the International Board of Overseers of Turkey's Sabanic Universi
* Member of the Board of Governors of the Lauder Business School in the US
* Member of the Second London American Trust.
* Trustee of the Royal Academy of Arts.
* Chairman of the Professional Standards Advisory Board of the Institute of Directors. [redacted]
* Advisory Board of the London Capital Club.
* Wharton Business School Executive Board for Europe, Africa and Middle Ea
* Director of BT Consulting Inc Ltd. - NHS spine system failur
* Director of Dynamic Solutions Group Venture Capital Ltd.
* Non-Executive Director of Hardy Underwriting Group plc.
* Non-Executive Director of Private Equity Investor plc.
* Non-Executive Director of Private Equity International Limi
* Non-Executive Director of PA Holdings Limited.
* Non-Executive Director of Portmeirion Group plc.
* Non-Executive Director of Quintain Estates & Development pl
* Non-Executive Director of Quintain Services limited.
* Non-Executive Director of Victory Corporation plc.
* Non-Executive Director of Planet Group.

* Chairman of the School of Oriental & African Studies.
* Deputy Chairman of the Financial Reporting Council.
* Deputy Chairman for the Friends' Provident plc.



universities should become the open caste mines of the kn

The wheels are changing, consumption is mighty hungry

And it's goods that stock our minds

Goods that need to be sold, and ideas need to be create

Research is now the norm and teaching second class

The quality assessed is journal led

Only the most prestigious get the dough

So it's where you put it and what you say

that determines your pay

"...if you show them a stick then they get angry"

So what about critical theory

Highly valued I would say

TIME TO GET A PROPER JOB

Instead, psychology sells, law protects

Economics manages those minds

So lets all go to university and live in Shoreditch

And think creatively, at copyright dot com

THE SPACE BETWEEN US

An increasing amount of public space is becoming privatized.

'Public' parks are locked up at dusk.

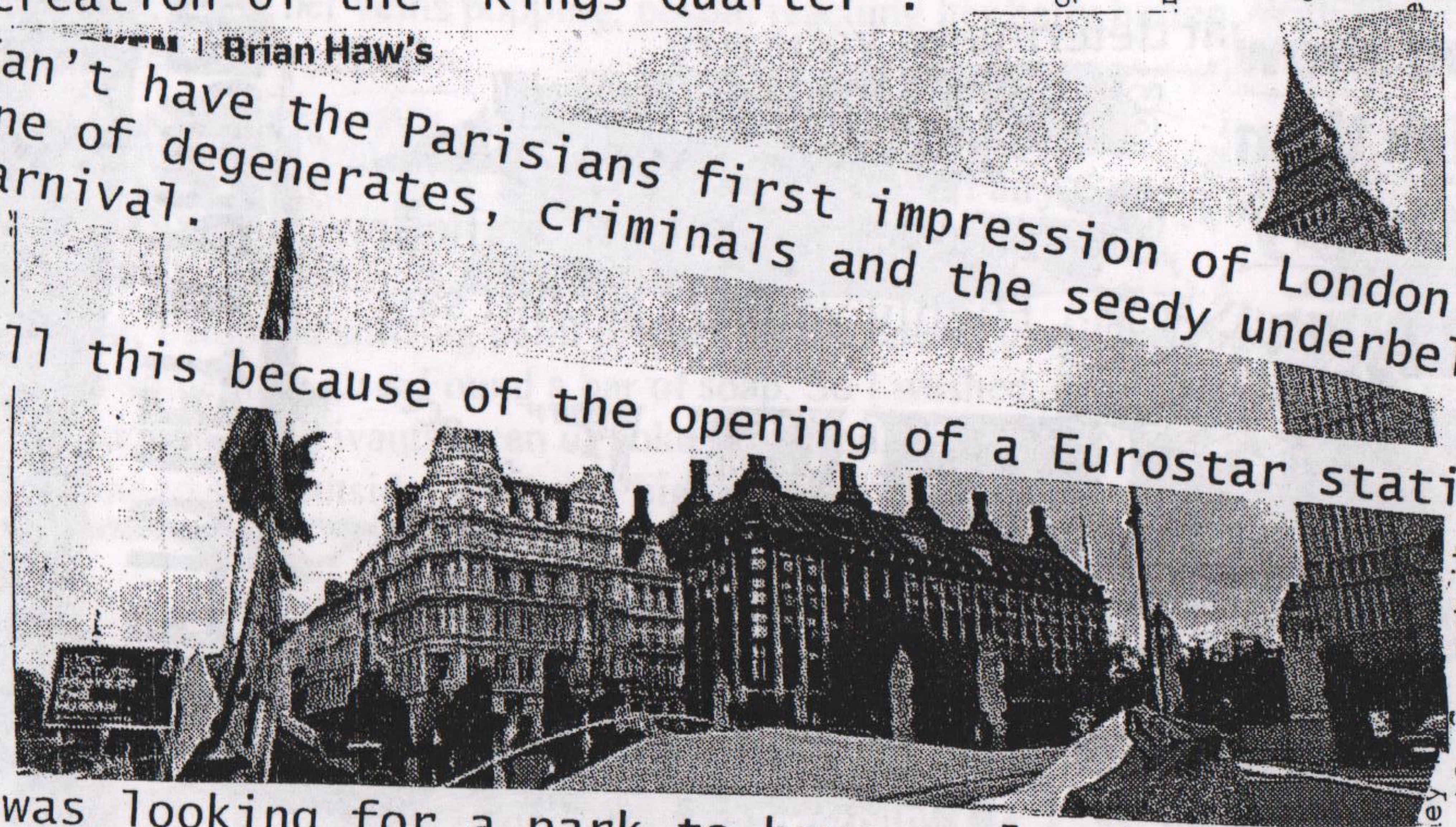
ocal Councils remove more benches than they install.

Kings Cross 'clean up' operation has seemingly removed drugs prostitution from the streets over the past few years.

All to curb the 'undesirable' or unlawful activity which is in public view.

Reality: the pimps and dealers have been pushed further underground or further out into the periphery.

Small business forced out in the name of 'regeneration' and creation of the 'Kings Quarter'.



Can't have the Parisians first impression of London Town to be one of degenerates, criminals and the seedy underbelly of the carnival.

All this because of the opening of a Eurostar station.

I was looking for a park to have my lunch in when in the West he other day and I stumbled across Hanover Square. But. Almos he entirety of the square was engulfed by a huge marquee. Some ort of nondescript art exhibition. Decided to check it out.
irst barrier: security guard.
econd, and final, barrier: ticket booth. Ten of your finest nglish Pounds.
ccess to public space, restricted.
hank you City of Westminster Council. Xxx look at their guerill
heck out the Space Hijackers webs
enching actions. xxxxx



Your mum...